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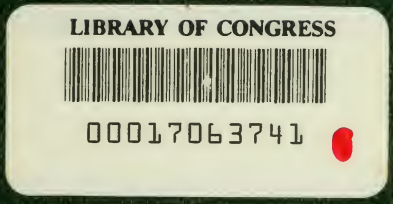

THE

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

AT

CHERRY VALLEY, OTSEGO CO. N. Y.

JULY 4th, 1840.

THE ADDRESSES

OF

WILLIAM W. CAMPBELL, Esq.

AND

GOV. W. H. SEWARD,

WITH

LETTERS, TOASTS, &c. &c.

NEW-YORK:
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CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

AT

CHERRY VALLEY, OTSEGO COUNTY, N. Y.

JULY 4th, 1840.

[*From the Cherry Valley Gazette of July 8th*, 1840.]

The Centennial Celebration of the settlement of this town, and the anniversary of the Independence of the United States, was celebrated in this village last Saturday, in a manner highly gratifying to the feelings of our citizens, and as we hope and believe, satisfactory to the visitors from abroad.

The day was ushered in by the usual discharge of cannon and ringing of bells. At about half past 10 o'clock, A. M., a procession was formed in front of the hotel of Mr. Wilkins, consisting of Capt. Hall's company of Cherry-Valley Volunteers; the orator of the day, and reader of Declaration of Independence; Clergy; President and Vice Presidents of the day; Committee of Arrangements; Revolutionary Soldiers, strangers, and citizens. In this order the procession proceeded to the house of Doctor William Campbell, where they received his Excellency Gov. Seward, and Doctor Nott, President of Union College.

Notice had been given that the exercises of the day would be performed in the Presbyterian Church, but long

before the hour of commencing arrived, it was most evident that but a small part of the audience could be accommodated in that spacious building. The procession, therefore, moved to the green in front of the Academy, where a staging had on Saturday morning been erected, to be occupied by those who should address the assembled multitude.

Besides the inhabitants of this place, the audience was composed of great numbers of highly respectable gentlemen and ladies from abroad. New-York, Albany, and Troy, and the counties of Montgomery and Schoharie were represented by some of their most respectable citizens. Companies respectable for their numbers and character from our sister villages, honored us with their attendance. Taken in the aggregate, perhaps a more intellectual assemblage was seldom if ever collected on the account of any public celebration, except in our large cities. And we are happy to be able to state with great confidence that the speakers presented to this audience a feast truly rich and intellectual.

The Declaration of Independence was read in a manner very impressive by David H. Little, Esq. who was followed in an historical address by William W. Campbell, Esq. a native of this town, now a resident of the city of New-York. As this address will soon appear in print, we shall not attempt a sketch of it, further than to say, that it contained many interesting and valuable historical facts connected with the early settlement of this town, a subject with which Mr. Campbell is more familiar than any other man, and abounded in passages of great eloquence and beauty. Though delivered in the open air, to an audience of about three thousand people, the speaker was distinctly heard by every one present, and commanded throughout that attention which can only be paid by an interested and delighted audience. The address was in every respect a finished and valuable production, and will greatly add to the

high reputation which its author enjoys as a literary man and a public speaker.

At the close of the historical address, the venerable President of Union College addressed the assembly. In this town Doctor Nott commenced his career of usefulness and distinction; he spoke on this occasion, from the front of the Academy, a building which more than forty years ago was erected through his influence, and we can say with confidence, that rarely, if ever since that early day, has his extraordinary eloquence produced the impression it did here, in his address at this time, and in his discourse in the church on the following day. The music which accompanied these exercises as designated in the order of arrangements, was conducted by Mr. Lindsley in a manner highly creditable to himself and to the choir.

At the close of the addresses the procession was again formed by the Marshalls, and proceeded to the place where the public dinner was provided, which was got up in Mr. Wilkins' usual good style. The proceedings at the dinner; the toasts drank, and several interesting letters from gentlemen from abroad, together with a sketch of the very eloquent remarks of Gov. Seward, we hope to be able to publish in our next paper.

CENTENNIAL ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT CHERRY VALLEY, OTSEGO CO, N. Y.

JULY 4th, 1840.

BY WILLIAM W. CAMPBELL.

The announcement that the great poet, novelist, and historian of Scotland was no more, produced a thrilling emoion throughout the civilized world. Gifted pens in both hemispheres paid noble tributes to his memory, and the beautiful idea was conceived of grouping together and presenting at a single glance the most prominent characters, both fictitious and historical, which had been illustrated and adorned by the genius of the immortal SCOTT. While he lay in state in the proud halls of Abbotsford, there passed in long procession the monarch with his retinue displaying the pomp and pageantry of the middle ages—the belted knight clad in steel marching with a warrior's step, and accompanied by his lady love—old men and maidens—noble and ignoble, the Jew, the Christian, and the Pagan—each in their turn, as they moved past, casting a last look upon the mortal remains of him whose name as long as letters endure can never perish from the earth. But as they come up in review before our own minds, do we not intuitively select some of the most humble and lowly as objects of im-

itation and of love. Forgetting the proud array of titles and of names, we call up with earnest and admiring feelings the artless simplicity and heroic fortitude of that noble specimen of female character, the Jeannie Deans in the Heart of Mid-Lothian.

My fellow citizens, we are assembled this day at the close of the first century since the settlement of Cherry Valley. We are here on the anniversary of our nation's birthday to mark down the closing hours of that century, and ere they are all numbered, to sketch out and place on record, the scenes, and actions, and events, and characters to which it has given birth in our little valley. It has become my duty, as it is my pleasure, to make up that record which may aid in fixing this day as a landmark for the guidance and direction of those who may come after us. If in the brief review of the century which is just passing away I shall present no gorgeous spectacle—no long train of titled lords and warrior knights, I may be able to sketch characters which shall commend themselves by their intelligence, their morals, their courage, and their undying patriotism. Plain and humble though they may have been, and confined within a narrow sphere of action, they were eminent in their respective stations—they discharged with ability the duties which devolved upon them, and have passed away and left their impress upon this the place of their and your habitation.

Most of the first settlers of this Valley, though originally from Scotland, emigrated to North America from Ireland. Some of them came in what was called the Londonderry emigration. A portion of this body of emigrants landed in the spring of 1719, at Casco Bay, near the present city of Portland, in Maine. Like most of the New-England colonists they sought a home and a place to worship God. Immediately upon landing from their vessel, under the open heaven, and upon the sea-shore, they commenced the wor-

ship of their Creator. The sands of a new Continent were beneath their feet. The waves of the Atlantic were dashing around them. The sky of the new world was over them.

> The perfect world by Adam trod,
> Was the first temple built by God;
> His fiat laid the corner stone,
> And heaved its pillars one by one.

In this temple our fathers first worshipped God in this western land. Standing on the shore of the ocean with their little bark riding near them, they raised their voices and sung the 137th Psalm of the Sweet Singer of Israel. As they looked back upon the homes of their youth—upon the friends and kindred left behind—upon the blessings and comforts of civilization, well might they sing,

"*By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof.*"

But they looked forward with hope and constancy, and as they remembered their covenant vows, and their determination to observe and maintain their religious duties, they also united and sung in the sublime language of the Psalmist,

"*If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.*" (See note A.)

On application made by this Colony to the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, a tract of land was granted them, to which they removed in the summer of the same year. The settlement was named after the place from whence they sailed, and still retains the name of Londonderry, now in the southern part of New-Hampshire. The colonists immediately organized a society, settled a minister, and

commenced laying broad and deep the foundations of religion and of civil order. Many of the early settlers of Cherry Valley removed from this Londonderry Colony in 1741–2—the first actual settlement having been made by Mr. Lindesay, one of the patentees, in 1740.

The patent of Cherry Valley was granted in 1738, by George Clark, then Lieutenant Governor of the province of New-York, with consent of the council, to John Lindesay, Jacob Roseboom, and others. The patentees probably re-leased a portion of the land to Governor Clark, as we find tiers of lots still owned by his lineal descendants in this county.

It has been cause of speculation and inquiry why the patentees sought a patent of land so remote as this place then was, and lying as it did, beyond unoccupied lands more eligibly situated and of greater value. It has been said that Mr. Lindesay, the principal patentee, was pleased with the wild and romantic features of the country, which were not unlike his native Scotland. We can easily imagine that at that early day, ere the woodman's axe had broken into the forest, the scene which our little Valley presented was one of quiet and picturesque beauty. Here was the purling brook —the cascade—the rock and dell—the beautiful forest tree —the blossoming cherry and the wild mountain flower. The tall and graceful elm rose conspicuous in the valley, while the dark foliage of the rock maple and the evergreen marked the elevation of the surrounding hills. From the summit of those hills, the eye took in at a glance a large part of the valley of the Mohawk, and stretching on beyond were seen the Sacondaga mountains on the north, and far away in the north-east the green mountains of Vermont. A few German families were scattered along the banks of the Mohawk, but on leaving that river the emigrant or settler found himself at once in the midst of the virgin forest. The

whole country called by us the great west, the vast valley of the Mississippi, was almost a *terra incognita*, an unknown land. An occasional adventurer had made his way into the interior, and had engaged in traffic with the aboriginal inhabitants, who claimed as owners, and roamed over the wide vallies and praries. A few others, less hardy and enterprising, had passed along the shores of the great lakes, and like Moses upon mount Pisgah, caught a distant view of the promised land. A few French from Canada had intermarried with the native population, and introduced some slight features of civilization among the red men of the forest. With these exceptions, the whole country west of Cherry Valley, reaching on to the Pacific Ocean, was one unbroken wilderness.

Attracted more perhaps by the beauty of the scenery than by the fertility of the soil, here Mr. Lindesay took up his abode in the summer of 1740. An Indian foot path afforded him communication with the Mohawk river. The winter which followed was one of great severity. Long ere spring revisited the valley his provisions were exhausted. The snow had fallen to a great depth, and had entirely interrupted his intercourse with the settlements of the Mohawk. The fierce winds howled around his frail dwelling. The gigantic forest trees glistened with the frosts of winter. The beauty of the summer scene had faded away. He realized in their greatest extent the dangers and trials of a borderer. A lingering death for himself and family by starvation was before him. At this critical period an Indian arrived from the Mohawk river on snow-shoes. This Indian returned and procured provisions, which he carried to Mr. Lindesay upon his back, and thus saved the lives of the first family which settled in this valley.

About the time of his first settlement, Mr. Lindesay conferred with the Rev. Samuel Dunlop, a native of Ireland,

and a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, up on the subject of adding to the settlement through his influence with his countrymen at home and in this country. Mr. Dunlop went to Ireland and returned in 1742. He was married in Ireland, and his young wife came with him to pitch their tents in the wilderness. At the same time Mr. Dickson and Mr. Galt, and families, arrived in company with Mr. Dunlop from Ireland, and Mr. Ramsey and James Campbell with their families in the same year, arrived from Londonderry in New-Hampshire. Mr. Dickson and Mr. Galt purchased farms in the south part of the patent—Mr. Ramsey in the western part, and James Campbell purchased a farm north of the village, now owned by his grandson James S. Campbell, Esq.—Mr. Dunlop purchased the farm formerly owned and occupied by Dr. Joseph White, and now owned and occupied by his son-in-law Jacob Livingston, Esq.

It may here be observed that one of the first movements of this little colony, was the organization of a church under the pastoral charge of Mr. Dunlop, and the erection of a rude edifice of logs in which they assembled to worship the God of their fathers. In his own house Mr. Dunlop opened a classical school, and there educated some young men from the German families on the Mohawk, who afterward, and especially during the revolution, acted conspicuous parts. Among the number were Col. Henry and Major John Frey. It is worthy of especial remembrance that in this Valley the first regular society was organized for religious worship in the English language, and the first classical school established in central or western New York. I have not been able to find an account of any other church or school at that early day, between this place and the immediate vicinity of the Hudson river, though there may have been classical schools at Schenectaday. The church organized under the

patronage of Sir William Johnson, at Johnstown, was not founded until about 1765.

The conduct of our fathers in the establishment of churches and schools, is the best evidence of the spirit with which the foundations of this settlement were laid. Virtue and knowledge, the two great pillars of republican institutions, were in the very commencement the object of their pursuit. They sought to plant here in the centre of the wilderness the seeds of Christianity and civilization. Their aim was noble—their enterprize was worthy and deserved success. Their numbers were small. Their means were limited. But their hearts were undaunted. Their courage did not forsake them. Their minds had been made up for the undertaking. They resolved to be and they were successful.

Settlements were not then, as now, thrown forward almost with the rapidity of the earth's own motion, so that a frontier hamlet of to-day becomes a city with a densely peopled country around it to-morrow. On the contrary, the encroachments upon the wilderness, and upon the home of the red man, previous to the revolution, were made slowly and with great caution. The white population advanced along the banks of the rivers, and the margins of the tributary streams. Occasionally, as was the case with this settlement, a few families more adventurous, might plunge further into what was then termed the *desert*, and relying for protection on the God of Hosts and their own right arm, plant there the foundations of the white man's home. But the increase of these frontier settlements was very slow. In 1752, twelve years after the first settlement of Cherry Valley, there were but *eight* families in the place. In 1765, they had increased to forty families. The number in 1775, and at the commencement of the war, I do not know, but probably it did not exceed sixty families.

In 1744, Mr. John Wells removed to Cherry Valley. He purchased of Mr. Lindesay the farm occupied by him, and called Lindesay's bush, being the same farm now owned and occupied by Mr. Joseph Phelon. Mr. Wells was a man of fine character, and was highly respected in the settlement. He was appointed the first Justice of the Peace. His son Robert intermarried with a daughter of the Rev. Mr. Dunlop, and of this marriage, among other children, was John Wells, one of the most distinguished and able lawyers whom the State of New York has pro duced. His history, I trust, is familiar to all who hear me. You have heard of the destruction of his whole family, of his subsequent labors, his comparative obscurity in his profession, until an opportunity was afforded for a display of his talents and genius, in his defence of the celebrated James Cheatham, editor of the American Citizen; when, as it were, with a single bound, he rose from that comparative obscurity to professional eminence. That distinguished lawyer always cherished a warm affection for this the place of his birth, and it was his intention had his life been spared for a few years longer. to have purchased the property of his ancestors, and to have retired from his profession, and spent here the closing years of his life amid the scenes of his boyhood.

From 1740 down to 1775, (as has already been stated,) the population of Cherry Valley increased slowly. That period had been one of considerable excitement, alarm and trial.

The long and bloody wars between England and France had been carried forward. The battle field was transferred from Europe to America, and the contest for national supremacy was maintained with renewed vigor amid the forest homes of our fathers, and upon their inland seas. Most of the Indian tribes at the north, allured away by the French Jesuits, and by the liberal presents of the so styled

grand monarch of France, took up the hatchet against the English and Americans. The frontier inhabitants were kept under almost constant apprehension, and though the settlement of Cherry Valley escaped destruction, yet the inhabitants were called into service, and exchanged the peaceable pursuits of agriculture for the excitements and dangers of the camp, and were engaged in distant and hazardous expeditions. When the war of the revolution commenced, Cherry Valley was still a frontier settlement. A few inhabitants were settled in the present town of Springfield, a few in Middlefield, then called New-town Martin. Along the banks of the Susquehannah, and in the valley of Unadilla and Otego creeks a few settlers were found, and the brave and hardy family of Harpers had gone out from Cherry Valley and planted a little colony at Harpersfield ; but Cherry Valley was considered the centre and gathering place of all these settlers.

When the period arrived that the united colonies of North America were compelled to take up arms to maintain their rights, the announcement produced necessarily a deep emotion through the frontier settlements.

War at all times is to be deprecated and, if possible, avoided. In the case of our revolution, war became justifiable on our part. The great principles of civil and religious liberty for which our ancestors contended in the old world, and which they sought to plant here in the new were invaded. The crisis had arrived when their rights must be surrendered, or the question must be tried by a long and bloody civil war. The minds of men were early made up for the contest. In this section of country, the perils and trials of the inhabitants were probably greater than in any other section of the union. The six nations of Indians who early joined the English, were the most powerful and warlike of the aboriginal inhabitants. Yet in defiance of danger,

and undismayed by threats of vengeance, the inhabitants of Tryon County rallied together when the indications of the gathering storm were seen only in the distance.

If you will consider what was then the situation of that county, sparsely populated, and separated from the Hudson river and the Eastern States by a powerful tribe of Indians, and a large body of men attached to the English cause, organized and commanded by influential and experienced men, and will then look at the early proceedings of their Committee of safety, you will find exhibited a fearlessness and determination of spirit almost unparalleled even in that day of self-sacrificing and heroic devotion to country. Read the proceedings of the Palatine Committee, as early as 27th August, 1774, two years before the Declaration of Independence, when they asserted fearlessly their rights, and bound themselves together to abide by all the regulations of the first Continental Congress. Read the resolutions of the same Committee passed May 21st, 1775, when in answer to the threats of Guy Johnson, then Indian superintendent, they resolved, "that as we abhor a state of slavery, we do join and unite together under all the ties of religion, honor, justice, and a love of freedom, never to become slaves, and to defend our freedom with our lives and fortunes."

When the time, the place, and the circumstances are considered under which that Committee met and passed the resolutions referred too, I think you will conclude with me that they are unparalleled. In their tone and sentiment they would have done credit to any Provincial Assembly, or even to the Continental Congress itself. The original draft of these resolutions I found many years since in a neglected spot in the garret of the house of Major John Frey, and I have deposited the manuscript among the archives of the New York Historical Society, that it may remain as a memorial of the noble spirit of Tryon County. It is in the

handwriting of Christopher P. Yates, who was an eminent and able patriot. But if he had done nothing besides being the author and advocate of these resolutions, his name and his memory should be warmly cherished in this section of country where you dwell.

Here in Cherry Valley the leading citizens early embraced the Colonial cause. In May, 1775, the common article of association was circulated, in which the signers pledged themselves to support the Continental Congress. It is unnecessary here, and indeed I have not time to detail the progress of the war, during the first years of its continuance. A fort was erected which occupied a portion of the present burial ground, and which was garrisoned by a regiment of Continental troops under the command of Col. Alden. Alarms and rumors were the order of the day. This region of country seems early to have been marked out for destruction, and the settlement of Cherry Valley after repeated alarms, was destined to share the common fate of the frontier hamlets of New York.

The 11th of November, 1778, has been rendered memorable by the sacrifices and sufferings and death of many of the early settlers of this Valley. On the morning of that day no bright sun gilded the mountain tops with his beams, nor was the eye gladdened with the view of the rich tints of autumn. Clouds and mists were round about the homes of our fathers, as if veiling the horrid scenes which on that day were to be enacted. The gun from the fort early in the morning announced that the enemy was near. The scouts had been surprized and taken, and the yell of the Indian, and the report of his rifle, heralded his approach to the garrison. The scattered inhabitants, most of them unarmed, strove to gain places of actual, or fancied security, but generally in vain. Some reached the fort and were saved, others were pursued and slain by the way side, and

the tomahawk and scalping knife drank the blood of others at their own fireside, and even while kneeling in prayer before their Maker. Others were retained as hostages or prisoners, to be borne away through the wilderness to take up their abode with savages, and to suffer a tedious and dreadful captivity. I have endeavoured in the history which I have heretofore presented to my fellow citizens, of the border wars of this State, to give a picture of this Valley on the night succeeding the day of the massacre. The place chosen for encampment of the enemy was about two miles south of the village, and near the site of the dwelling house of James Dickson. The prisoners were gathered around the watch fires drenched with the rain and sleet, and shivering with cold, with no protection from the storm. Thick darkness covered the Valley, except when some gust of wind kindled a flame for a moment amid the dying embers, and thus marked the spots where once had been their homes. The mangled corpses of relatives and neighbors lay unburied around the ashes of their dwellings. Their own fate was hid from them. They knew not whether a long captivity awaited them, or whether on the morrow they should be offered up as sacrifices to appease the wrath or gratify the passions of their enemies. I can imagine no state of suspense more awful. Mercy, however, in a measure triumphed, and a portion of the prisoners were released, and the rest were carried into captivity, and enabled to return after the lapse of many years. Between thirty and forty of the inhabitants were killed on the 11th of November. It is unnecessary at this time to give their names.

On the following day their corpses were gathered together, and under the protection of the garrison were deposited in a common grave. It would have been very gratifying if on this occasion we could have laid the corner stone of a monument to mark the place of their burial, and

which, while it commemorated the death of those who perished on the 11th of November, 1778, might have endured also as a memorial of this anniversary which we this day celebrate.

This destruction of the settlement closed the revolutionary drama at Cherry Valley. The small fort was abandoned in the following summer, and the troops joined General James Clinton's detachment, when on his way to join Gen. Sullivan, in the famous expedition against the six nations in 1779. This whole region of country was swept over by an ever active and vindictive enemy. At the close of the revolution, and when peace was once more restored, the remnant of the inhabitants returned to their former homes, but war, and disease, and poverty had done them fearful work ; and many a once familiar face was never again seen round the domestic hearth. In 1784 a few log houses were built by the inhabitants who had returned, and in the same year the immortal Washington honored our little Valley with a visit. He came up from the Mohawk river for the purpose of visiting this place, and also examining the outlet of Lake Otsego, where, in 1779, Gen. James Clinton threw a dam across the Susquehannah, preparatory to his descent of that river.

It has already been stated that the first inhabitants of Cherry Valley were mostly religious people. Like the Puritans of New-England they were watchful and jealous of any infraction of Christian duties. Many of my hearers will have read the letter addressed by the Committee of Safety of Cherry Valley to the general Committee of Tryon county. It was as follows :

Cherry Valley, June 9th, 1775.

Sirs :

We received yours of yesterday relative to the meeting of the Committee on Sunday, which *surprised* us not a

little, inasmuch as it seems not to be on any alarming circumstance, which if it was, we should readily attend. But as that does not appear to us to be the case, we think it very improper; for unless the necessity of the Committee sitting superexceed the duties to be performed in attending the worship of God, we think it ought to be put off till another day; and therefore we conclude not to give our attendance at this time unless you adjourn the sitting of the Committee till Monday morning, and in that case we will give our attendance as early as you please. But otherwise we cannot allow ourselves to be cut short of attending on the public worship, except the case be so necessitous as to exceed sacrifice. We conclude with wishing success to the common cause, and subscribe ourselves the free born sons of liberty,

JOHN MOORE,
SAMUEL CLYDE,
SAMUEL CAMPBELL.

I have introduced this letter for the purpose of calling attention more particularly to a meeting of the inhabitants in 1785, after the storm of war had passed over, and when quiet and peace once more rested upon the borders. Neither war, nor exile, nor poverty had caused them to forget their Christian duties or the importance of religious societies.

On the 5th of April, 1785, a public meeting of the citizens was held, the objects of which will be best explained by the record made at the time. It is as follows:

"We, the *ancient* inhabitants of Cherry Valley, in the county of Montgomery and state of New-York, having returned from *exile*, find ourselves destitute of our church officers, viz. Deacons and Elders. In consequence of our difficulties, and other congregations in similar circumstances, our legislature thought proper to pass a law for the relief of

these, viz. An act to incorporate all religious societies, passed April the 6th, 1784. In compliance of said act we proceeded as follows :

ADVERTISEMENT.

At a meeting of a respectable number of the old inhabitants of Cherry Valley, it was agreed upon, that an advertisement should be set up to give notice to all the former inhabitants, that are returned to their respective habitations, to meet at the *meeting-house yard*, on Tuesday, the fifth day of April next, at ten o'clock, before noon, then and there to choose trustees, who shall be a body corporate for the purpose of taking care of the temporalities of their respective Presbyterian congregation, agreeable to an act of the Legislature of the State of New York, passed April sixth, one thousand seven hundred and eighty four.

SAMUEL CLYDE,
Justice of the Peace.

Cherry Valley, March 19th, 1785.

Cherry Valley, April 5th, 1785.

1st. The Congregation being met agreeable to the above advertisement, proceeded as follows : viz. the Congregation having no Minister, nor Elders, or Deacons, at present, by reason of death and removal of such in the late war. We, the people at large, did nominate and elect the following two members of the Congregation to be the returning officers and judges of the qualification of the electors of said meeting.

COL. SAMUEL CAMPBELL,
WILLIAM DICKSON.

2d. Proceeded as follows at the said meeting and have nominated Col. Samuel Clyde, John Campbell, Jr., and James Wilson, to be the trustees for said congregation.

The trustees appointed James Cannon as clerk for said board.

Cherry Valley, April 5th, 1785.

At a meeting of the inhabitants of Cherry Valley this day, the undermentioned were elected trustees for the Presbyterian Congregation,

SAMUEL CLYDE, Esq.
JOHN CAMPBELL, Jr.
JAMES WILSON.

Electors' Names—Robert Shankland, William Thompson, Samuel Ferguson, James Moore, Jr., John Campbell, Jr., Hugh Mitchell, William Gault, James Cannon, Samuel Campbell, Jr., Samuel Clyde, Esq., Samuel Campbell, William Dickson, James Dickson, Daniel McCollum, John McKillip, Israel Wilson, Luther Rich, James Wilson, Thomas Whitaker, Benjamin Dickson, John Dunlop.

Cherry Valley, April, 5th 1785.

To all to whom it doth or may concern, Greeting: We, Samuel Campbell and William Dickson, returning Officers, by virtue of the law of this State, entitled an act to enable all the Religious denominations in this State, to appoint trustees, who shall be a body corporate for the purpose of taking care of the temporalities of their respective congregations, and for other purposes therein mentioned, passed the sixth day of April, One thousand seven hundred and eighty four, of the Presbyterian Congregation of Cherry Valley, in the county of Montgomery, do hereby certify that Samuel Clyde, John Campbell, Jr. and James Wilson, were duly and legally elected trustees of said congregation, *and that the said trustees and their successors shall for ever hereafter be a body corporate, and be called, distinguished, and known by the name and title of Trustees of the Presbyterian Church in Cherry Valley, in the County of Montgomery.*

Given under our hands and seals this fifth day of April, One thousand seven hundred and eighty five.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL. [L.S.]
WILLIAM DICKSON. [L.S.]

Measures were soon after taken for building a church edifice, but it was not completed until some years after. The plan adopted seems to have been to sell pew ground, and with the proceeds to erect the building, each purchaser of pew ground stipulating to construct his own pew thereon, according to a uniform plan, after the building should be enclosed. The purchaser of pew ground was to pay partly in money, and partly in produce at the market price. Many of my hearers will recolleet the old church with its square high back pews which occupied a part of the burying ground, or *meeting house yard* as it is styled in the foregoing proceedings, and which was taken down about twelve or thirteen years ago, when the present Presbyterian church edifice was erected.

The meeting of the inhabitants of Cherry Valley on the 5th of April, 1785, is deserving of particular attention. The remnant of the *ancient* inhabitants, as they styled themselves, had returned to their former homes. They had returned, they say, from *exile*. The long and bloody war through which they had passed, had thinned their ranks and whitened the heads, and furrowed the cheeks, of the survivors. They had once more a home, but it was again a forest home.

The wild beast had made its lair amid the ruins of their former dwellings. The briar, the thistle, and the sapling grew rank upon their garden spots. In the autumn of 1784, a few log huts had been built, but in the spring of 1785, when this meeting was called, there was no building in the settlement where the inhabitants could assemble together. They met, therefore, like their fathers under the open heavens.

The place where they gathered together was hallowed ground. It had been set apart for the burial of their dead. The graves of their kindred and friends were round about them. It was the place which had been consecrated by their patriotism, for there stood their little fort.

On that same spot the inhabitants assembled together and organized anew on the 5th day of April, 1785, that Presbyterian Society which has continued to this day.

The first regular pastor was settled in 1796, and he was our reverend and distinguished guest* who has this day honored our little valley with his presence, and who nearly half a century ago commenced here his sacred ministrations, and preached here the gospel to our fathers. Long may his valuable life be spared to the church and to the literary institution over which he has long presided with so much ability and success.

From 1785 down to the present time, our valley has not been signalized by any remarkable changes. The increase of population has been gradual though constant. It has not increased in this town and county as in that vast country west, which has since that period sprung into being, and is now teeming with millions of people. Our own little valley has contributed to swell that western tide, and she numbers there many engaged in the various pursuits of life, and among the learned professions many who received here their academical or professional education.

Of the first settlers, the late Col. Samuel Campbell was the last survivor. Of his character I shall not speak at length, but I may be permitted to say that he was a true patriot and an excellent citizen. He served in the French war and was with Sir William Johnson at Fort Edward in 1757, at the time of the Massacre at Fort William Henry. During

* Rev. Dr. Nott, President of Union College.

the stormy period of the revolution he was an active and efficient friend of his country, and at its close, found himself stripped of most of his property. Again he commenced his laborious life, and lived to see a large and prosperous family around him. He was but three years old when he came with his father to this town in 1741. He closed his eventful life in September, 1824, at the age of 86. (Note B.)

While he was the last of the first settlers, his aged consort, who died a few years since at the age of 92, may be said to have been the last survivor of the female actors in the revolutionary drama of our valley.

She was born near the Giant's Causeway in Ireland, and when about ten years of age, she removed with her father, Matthew Cannon, to this country. Her settlement, her marriage, her heroic fortitude, and attachment to her country, her long and severe Indian captivity, are circumstances upon which I need not dwell; her friends and her descendants cherish her memory with ardent affection. (Note C.)

Col. Samuel Clyde was an able and efficient co-worker in the revolutionary struggle. He was a stern and inflexible patriot, and exerted a large influence in this district of country. He was appointed the first Justice of the Peace after the war. He, too, in his revolutionary toils, was aided and supported by his courageous and patriotic wife.

John Moore was another sterling man. While nature had been sparing in her physical gifts, she had endowed him with a strong and vigorous intellect which had been well cultivated considering the circumstances in which he was placed.

Of the Rev. Samuel Dunlop I have already spoken. He was an educated man, and for nearly forty years ministered to the early settlers.

At the time of the massacre his family were slain. He alone with one daughter escaped. Under the protection of

an Indian Chief, he stood and beheld the destruction of his earthly hopes, his home, and the homes of his friends, melt away with the flames.

"Calm opposite the Christian father rose,
Pale on his venerable brow its rays
Of martyr light the conflagration throws;
One hand upon his lovely child he lays.
* * * * * * * *
He for his bleeding country prays to Heaven,
Prays that the men of blood themselves may be forgiven."

He survived the massacre but a short time. The misfortunes of that day carried down his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

Of the brave and determined Captain Robert McKean, what shall we say—of him who knew no danger and feared no man, who challenged to the combat the great chieftain and captain of the Six Nations, Joseph Brant Thayendanagea. What shall we say of the eccentric though fearless Robert Shankland, who defended his house single handed, with the exception of his son,* a lad of 14, against a considerable body of Indians, and who abandoned it only when it was about to be consumed over him by the flames. Where are they all, with the Gaults and the Dicksons, and the Ramseys and the Wilsons, who first planted here the seeds of civilization? These are questions of a solemn nature, which crowd themselves upon our minds upon occasions like the present. The century has rolled away and left its impress for good or for evil. Of the early settlers not one survives. Their children and their children's children occupy the places of some, and the voices of strangers are heard in the dwellings of others. They have all been gathered to their resting places, and the ashes of most of them sleep

* The late Thomas Shankland of Cooperstown.

quietly in yonder grave-yard. The clods of the valley are upon them, to be removed only at the general resurrection.

> "The breezy call of incense breathing morn,
> The swallow twittering from his straw built shed,
> The cock's shrill clarion and the echoing horn,
> No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed."

In the last ten years what ravages has death made in our little valley. I miss amid the scenes of my childhood many of the familiar faces of those who once greeted my return to the home of my fathers. They are also numbered with the great host of the departed, and their places are fast filling with those who knew them not. Among the leading men we might mention the elder and younger Drs. White, both eminent physicians, Col. James Cannon, Isaac Seelye, Esq., and James O. Morse, Esq., both able lawyers, Jesse Johnson, Erastus Johnson, William C. Dickson, William Story, Alfred Crafts, with many others, who but a day since were living, and whose faces it seems as if I ought now to see before me.

James O. Morse, Esq , always took a deep interest in the history of this place and in the character of its early inhabitants. He was born in Marlboro, in the county of Middlesex. Massachusetts, in 1788, and removed with his parents when 5 years of age to the county of Oneida, in this state, and when that county was almost a wilderness. Familiar as he was with the biographies of most of the frontier inhabitants who had in any way distinguished themselves, his conversation in relation to such subjects was peculiarly interesting and instructive. Many years ago he spoke to me of this anniversary, and had his life been spared he would have taken a deep interest in the proceedings of this day.

Allow me to mention another name connected directly with the first settlement of Cherry Valley, I

mean Deacon John Gault. Humble was his sphere of life. Poverty, and many of the ills which flesh is heir to, sickness and decrepitude, were his portion on the earth. But with a christian spirit which rose above them all, he drank with cheerfulness the cup given him to drink in life, and looked forward with peace and joy to that better world, where sorrow and sighing are no more, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. Who has not observed his cheerful and contented countenance, as he entered the sanctuary on a sabbath morn, leaning on his staff, his only aid while plodding along over the tedious miles which intervened between his residence and that sanctuary. Who has not listened to his truly eloquent and appropriate prayers. If he was a christian, he was also a patriot. This day he would have delighted to honor. But he, too, our old and familiar friend, has been gathered to his fathers in peace. His virtues should be imitated, for they were great, and it is but fitting that on this occasion this passing tribute should be paid to his memory.

We miss also many others who commenced with us the race of life. A part of them still live, and are pursuing their various occupations either in our own wide spread country, or in distant lands. Many of them also have gone the way of all the living. Some died at home in the presence of their friends, and sleep now quietly beside those who gave them being. Others have been cut off in the prime of life, and have fallen far away from their kindred; and one,* endeared to many of us by her talents, her piety, and her moral courage, has recently departed, and her remains repose in the cemetery of the Nestorian christians, within the sacred precincts of the first christian church planted by the Magi of Persia, and within the confines of

* Mrs. Grant, adopted daughter of Dr. William Campbell of Cherry Valley, and late missionary at Oroomiah, Persia.

that city in Central Asia, where the far famed Zoroaster in ages gone by, first lit up the fires of philosophy.

We might add many other names to the list. As we run over the catalogue of departed relatives and friends, we are forcibly reminded how frail and brittle is the chord which binds us to life. In the morning we see our friends around us, and in health, and ere the sun goes down the golden bowl is broken at the cistern, the dust returns to the dust from whence it was taken, and the spirit unto God who gave it.

Of this large assembly now before me, in all human probability not one will open his eyes upon the morning of the 4th of July, 1940. Long ere that even the inscriptions upon our tomb-stones may be obliterated, and our descendants may look in vain for the green hillocks which mark our resting places.

But as those who gave us being, labored and toiled for our best interests, so our duty is to transmit to those who shall come after us, the inheritance which we have received, of a free government, religious liberty, and all the blessings of civilization. To discharge that duty successfully, we should as far as is in our power, labor to advance the cause of virtue and education, and in this respect to follow in the footsteps of our fathers.

The age in which we live, is an age of bustle, toil and enterprize. But it is by no means a merely useful or a superficial age. The great principles of civil liberty, of the rights of conscience, and of freedom of opinion, were never better understood, or more practically enforced.

It is an age, too, when much is required of us all. Yes, of us, a part and parcel of that great Anglo-Saxon race, which now bids fair to carry our own native language and its literature over a great part of the world. Over all the North American continent—along the shores of the Pacific, in the West Indies, in Great Britain, over the eastern coast of

Africa, at the Cape of Good Hope, throughout many of the islands of the Pacific, and along the southern part of Asia, the language which we speak is fast spreading itself, and bids fair to become in these regions the only language. Like Aaron's rod it is swallowing up the rest.

What changes have been produced during the last hundred years! Society has been revolutionized throughout the greater part of the civilized world. The political elements of all Europe have been violently agitated, and though the forms of government have not been materially altered, the freedom of the citizen has been in many instances greatly enlarged. In our own country, the changes as we run over them with a rapid glance, appear to have been magical. Our own empire State, which in 1740 was an English Colony, and numbering little more than one hundred thousand souls, now tells her children by millions.* The scattered English Colonies of North America, then feeble, and with some million and a half of people stretching for thousands of miles along the sea-board, and looking up to England for support and protection, as infant children to a mother, now present the proud spectacle of a united nation, standing in the front rank, with her canvass whitening every sea, with vast resources, with gigantic internal improvements in the separate States, and with nearly twenty millions of freemen reposing in security beneath the folds of her star spangled banner.

Could we be permitted to draw aside the curtain which veils futurity and look into coming years—could we cause to pass before us as a moving panorama, our country as it will present itself a hundred years hence, what an interesting view should we behold. For myself, I can but believe that we shall continue a united people, that the strong ties of

* Note D.

interest which have hitherto bound us together, will continue unbroken, and be strengthened by the continually increasing facilities of communication between the distant parts of our widely extended country. In that event this nation, judging from the past, will in all probability occupy the greater part of all North America, will number at least fifty millions of inhabitants, and stand in the van of the civilized nations of the earth.

We are here a small community, and our influence and our efforts may not be widely felt; but while we live, we can labor in our various circles to promote peace and harmony among the different States of our Union, and dying, we can leave the injunction to our children. We can urge upon them to look back upon their common descent, to consider their common inheritance, and to look forward to a common destiny.

And standing here, and looking back upon the century which has just ended, and upon its history which is certain, and looking forward to the century before us, whose history is uncertain, may I not in the name of this assembly invoke and enjoin the rising generation, our children, and our children's children, to preserve unimpaired the institutions which we commit to them, and to maintain unbroken our glorious union.

To them I would say, as you enter into possession of this goodly land, as you walk forth and look upon the hill and upon the valley, upon the river rolling in power, and upon the brook that sparkles at your feet, as you listen to the sighing of the breeze as it moves gently through the forest, and to the music of the feathered songsters, as they warble forth their notes of praise—when the breath of the morning fans you, and you inhale the scented air as it comes to you over the green meadow and the opening flower—remember that these blessings, though in some degree com-

mon to all mankind, are no less the special gift to you from your Creator, and that for the same blessings your fathers returned thanks to the great Giver of them all.

As you enter upon the glorious inheritance of civil and religious liberty, upon the blessings and enjoyments of christianity and civilization, and behold the proud monuments of your country's greatness, may you remember that in bygone times your ancestors toiled and sacrificed their property and their lives in the purchase of that inheritance, and that they thus consecrated it by their tears, their prayers, and their blood.

We commit then that inheritance to your keeping. It is your as well as our birthright. And may he who at the close of another hundred years shall be permitted to stand up and deliver over to his fellow citizens the record of that century, be enabled to say as we can this day—blessed be the land of our birth—and blessed be the memory, and honored be the names of those who have entrusted that inheritance to us.

SPEECH

OF

GOVERNOR W. H. SEWARD,

WITH

LETTERS, TOASTS, &c.

At the dinner table, ROBERT CAMPBELL, Esq., of Cooperstown, presiding, after the removal of the cloth the following prefatory remarks and toasts were offered by Judge HAMMOND.

"One hundred years ago the rich lawn which overspreads this beautiful Valley, was first pressed by the foot of civilized man. Sixty-four years ago the sun rose on a population sparsely scattered over the fairest portion of a great Continent, dependent upon and governed by a Monarch, separated from them by an ocean three thousand miles in width. That same sun set upon that same people free and independent.

"Since that day the tide of our national prosperity, (thanks to a beneficent Providence,) has flowed quietly and steadily onward, and we are now a great, free, and happy nation. No wonder then, that on this double celebration, every countenance I behold is lighted with joy and exultation. Party jealousies and political differences, those smaller evils which always accompany that best gift of Heaven, liberty, can have no place here. All of us admire the fortitude, and lament the sufferings, and venerate the virtues,

and exult in the success of the patriotic Pioneers—all rejoice in the Independence of this country—and all cordially approve of the principles which excited our fathers to declare that Independence. To add still higher to the enjoyment of the festivities of the day, we have been honored with the presence of the venerable and venerated head of the Literary Institutions of the Empire State, (whose shining talents and high personal merit would render him an ornament to any Literary Institution on the Globe,) and of his Excellency the Governor of the State. He, too, who is emphatically the Representative of the whole people of New-York, on this our national jubilee, has chosen to repose himself upon this quiet spot in the troubled ocean of political life.

"Although at other times the spirit of party may howl around; *here*, on this hallowed day, without one discordant note, all hearts unite in the shout for Independence, Liberty, Union, and the Constitution.

"Mr. President: In behalf of the Committee of Arrangements, I take great pleasure, and I am sure it will be highly gratifying to this company while I propose to you the health of

"*Our Fellow-Citizen*, William H. Seward, *Governor of this State*—of the Empire State. We hail his appearance on an occasion so interesting, and we appreciate the honor he does us by becoming our guest.

"No higher evidence can be furnished of exalted talents and distinguished personal merit, than an election to the first office in the State by the voluntary suffrages of a great, free, intelligent, and virtuous people."

The Governor replied as follows:

Ours is a country in which all that is old is yet new. We may deceive ourselves with the belief that we have an-

tiquity, but we no where find its ruins. I have been impressed with this in looking upon the celebration of the foundation of this beautiful town, while all around me are the evidences of youthfulness and prosperity. I have always desired to visit this place so long an outpost of civilization in the western forests. Your annals have been made interesting by the fortitude, energy, and enterprise of your forefathers, and memorable by the perils, privations, and desolations of savage warfare. I have desired to see for myself the vallies of Otsego, through which the Susquehannah extends his arms and entwines his fingers with the tributaries of the Mohawk, as if to divert that gentle river from its allegiance to the Hudson. If I could have chosen the time for a visit here it would have been on this occasion, when the political excitement, unavoidable in a country where the conduct of rulers is watched with the jealousy of freemen, is temporarily allayed, and the discordant elements of party strife are hushed under the influence of recollections of a common ancestry, and common sufferings in the cause of liberty.

Our gifted orator has given us your entire local and domestic history. Does it not seem strange that so many extraordinary changes, so many important events, and so many thrilling incidents have occured in the lapse of a hundred years. A hundred years! how short a period! That life is considered short which does not reach fifty years, and that one is only very long which comprises a hundred. A hundred years! A hundred times this period of twelve months which the Earth requires for the irrigation of its soil and the production of fruits; a hundred times this circle of three hundred and sixty-five days: days that so often pass like a dream and are unnoted 'but by their loss.' Who that places a tomb stone in the village church-yard to the memory of a departed friend, would not sigh to think

that that monument of his affection will fall to the earth and his friend occupy an undistinguished grave within a hundred years? Who, that establishes a Constitution, invents an engine, teaches a new science, or founds a new sect, would be content that his community, his invention, his science, or his creed shall give place to new discoveries wi hin a hundred years? Yet a hundred years is no unimportant portion of time. It includes the periods of four generations. In a single century four thousand millions of human beings appear on the earth, act their busy parts and sink into its peaceful bosom. A little more than half that period carries us back to the time when this great and free empire, now respected in every land, had no place among the nations of the earth. Only a hundred times has the scythe passed over this valley since your ancestors pursued their weary way up the Mohawk and over these hills, and planted here the first settlement of the Anglo-Saxon race west of the Hudson. They found the Six Nations here as confident of perpetual enjoyment of this fair land as we now are. And yet so soon the tide of emigration has flowed over this valley and filled the vallies of the Ohio, and the Wabash, and the Mississippi, and the Missouri, and now scarcely the name of the Six Nations remains. Only twice a hundred years have elapsed since the first navigator entered the Bay of New York, and not four centuries have passed since Columbus astonished the world with the discovery of this great continent. It is only ten centuries since all Europe moved by wild fanaticism poured her embattled hosts upon the fields of Palestine, and less than sixty times a hundred years, according to an accustomed chronology, carry us back to the epoch when there was no time, nor light, nor life, nor earth, nor heavens, and God said let all these be, and they were.

We have reviewed the record of the last hundred years

concerning the inhabitants of this beautiful valley. What is its more general history, and what is its promise of the future? Alas! that it must be said, although the spirit of Christianity has diffused a wider and warmer influence than ever before, yet the last century like the fifty seven that preceded it has been filled with the calamities of mankind. It dawned upon one blood scene of war, extending throughout England, Russia, Prussia, Poland, Spain, Bavaria, Sardinia and France. Through a period of eighty years, with the occasional intervals of partial peace, the fires of war burned over the continent of Europe after extending desolation into Asia, Africa, and even this new and remote continent, until within our own recollection the world's great disturber was confined on the rock of St. Helena and the exhausted nations found repose and peace. No nation has escaped the evils of war, and few have been exempt from revolution. Hostile armies have overrun France, Holland, Saxony, Belgium, Bavaria, Sardinia, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Austria, Hungary, Prussia, and other German States, Poland, Russia and Switzerland, Egypt and Persia and all the States of North and South America. Some maintained their sovereignty, some received their independence, but others have gone down forever. No wonder that the pious and benevolent poet exclaimed,

> "My ear is pain'd,
> My soul is sick, with every day's report
> Of wrong and outrage with which earth is fill'd."

The occupation of man has been war, his ambition conquest, his enjoyment rapine and bloodshed.

Yet dark as the picture of the last century seems, it is relieved by lights more cheering than any that has shone upon our race in the previous course of time. The human mind has advanced with unparalleled rapidity in discoveries

in science and the arts. Civilization has been carried into new regions, and has distributed more equally than ever heretofore the enjoyments and comforts of life.—The education which a hundred years ago was a privilege of the few, is now acknowledged to be the right of all. What were luxuries a hundred years ago, are common enjoyments now. A renovating spirit is abroad in the world. The slave trade, a hundred years ago regarded as lawful commerce by all Christian nations is now denounced as piracy by most civilized States, and the rights of man are secured by benign and wholesome laws. All expense and delay in passing and transportation from place to place are an incumbrance upon human labor. Yet it seems as if it were but yesterday since we learned that burthens may be more cheaply carried on parallel iron rails than on the rough and unequal surface of the ground, and now rail-roads are common thorough-fares, and animal force is too feeble an agent for locomotion. A gentleman upon whom age seemed to have lightly laid his hand, has told me that less than forty years since he dined with Chancellor Livingston at Paris. The party was composed of statesmen and men of science. The patience of the guests was exhausted by a visionary youth named Fulton, who engrossed the conversation by an argument to prove that if he could obtain a small fund he could construct a boat to be propelled by the power of steam and navigate the Hudson river with the velocity of four miles an hour! Those who reflect upon the rapidity with which intelligence, social, commercial and political, is diffused throughout our country and the civilized world, will hardly believe that a hundred years ago scarcely a dozen vessels arrived in all our ports from Europe, and that seventy-six years ago a mail coach was unknown. The object of all government is the welfare of the governed, yet it is only sixty-five years since this model of practical, permanent and

free republican government was set up for the maintenance of American liberty, and to animate the hopes and efforts of mankind. The religion of the cross is carried farther and more effectively now, than under the banner of Constantine or even the preaching of the Apostles. The philosophy of Bacon, and the Newtonian and Copernican systems were taught a hundred years ago, and alchymy after long abuses of the credulity of mankind had introduced the elements of Chemistry, but the practical advantages resulting from all these sciences have been realized chiefly within a hundred years.

I lately met the secretary of an Eastern Prince. He was a man of education and refinement, and had been selected by his master to make a gorgeous present of Eeastern luxuries acceptable to the President of the United States. We were standing near an almost speaking bust of Washington. I asked him if he knew the likeness. He answered in the negative. I told him it was Washington, the deliverer, the father of our country, but he had never read, had never heard of Washington. I confess I was astonished to find a man who had never read or heard of Washington, but I was no longer surprised that the Sultan of Muscat was a despot and his subjects slaves. If the principles of civil liberty are so imperfectly understood now, what could have been the condition of human rights before the day of Sicard, La Fayette, Wilberforce, Paine, Jefferson, Hamilton and Washington. How obscure must have been the science of laws before Montesquieu, Puffendorf, Blackstone, Benthem and Livingston reduced it to form and symmetry. How limited would be our knowledge of history if we were deprived of the writings of Rollin, Robertson, Leland, Hume, Gillies, Littleton, Priestly, Marshall, Russel, Roscoe, Gibbon, Hallam and Raynal. How has the human mind been enlightened in that most mysterious

of all mysteries, itself, by the philosophy of Stuart, Reid and Brown. How has theology and moral science been enriched by Edwards, Jenyns, Paley, Zimmerman, Johnson and Ferguson. In natural philosophy what a blank would be produced by striking out the discoveries of Herschell, Halle, Franklin, Davy, Rumford and Delonti.—How profitless would be our researches in natural history, without Linnæus and Buffon for our guides. What would we have known of political economy but for the writings of Malthus, Smith and Say. We can scarcely conceive of literature destitute of the works of Cowper, Pope, Thompson, Beattie, Gray, Gay, Goldsmith, Johnson, McPherson, Roscoe, Scott, Burns, Goethe, Byron and Moore. In even such a superficial review as this of the contributions of the last century to the knowledge, virtue and happiness of our race, we forget that the human mind has been two thirds of the whole period stretched in extreme tension in the excitement of war, and that what it has accomplished in the way of science and art, has been done in its occasional seasons of repose from the study and occupation of arms, that what has been expended in establishing schools, colleges and seminaries, and in making roads and canals, has been only what has been saved from the prodigality of war. Happy, thrice happy, will it be for us and for mankind if we extract from the history of the last century its true philosophy. Among its instructions are of a certainty these truths. That peace is indispensable to the improvement and happiness of man, that improvement is his highest duty, and arts, not arms, his right occupation. That Republican Government resting upon equal and universal suffrage can only secure an exemption from the ambition of conquest and the popular discontents which involve nations in foreign wars and civil commotions. That a Republican Government resting upon universal and equal suffrage can only be

maintained in a community where education is universally enjoyed, and where internal improvements bind together the various portions of a country in a community of interest and affection. Let us then extend our system of schools and our churches, and take care that every child in the state, whatever be his faith, his language, his condition or his circumstances, or those of his parents, is brought to the instruction of these schools and churches. Let us do this, and let us put on steam upon the land, and steam upon the river and the sea, and the glorious career upon which our country has just entered will continue to be more successful and more glorious still. Those who shall celebrate the next centennial aniversary will bless our memories, and the great prediction of our religion will no longer seem apocryphal, that a time is coming when the nations shall live in peace and the knowledge of the Lord shall extend over the whole earth.

By the GOVERNOR. Cherry Valley, fortunate in the fertility of its soil, and in the intelligence and virtues of its inhabitants, its early annals constitute a chapter of most thrilling interest in the history of the State.

James Brackett, Esq. then rose and expressed the sentiments of the company towards the Rev. Dr. NOTT, in the following words :

Vulgar errors have hitherto prevailed among men, and still prevail, notwithstanding the flood of light which has recently been shed on society. One of the most prevalent, at the present time, is the opinion, that wit and wisdom, profound thinking and popular eloquence cannot dwell together; that if one be a wit, he cannot be grave and scientific; if he be a deep thinker, he must be perpetually engaged with abstractions, and cannot be imbued with divine philosophy, and the best, holiest and loftiest feelings of our nature. The biography of the ancients, to which it is

unnecessary to recur for examples, would give the lie to the theory. Britain, our mother country, at a comparatively recent period, has effectually contradicted it in the persons of Bacon, Milton and Burke. The illustrious dead of our own young country have also done enough to correct the error in Henry, Franklin, Hamilton and Ames. If further proof were wanting, we have a living and striking example before us in the person of our distinguished orator and guest, Dr. NOTT: eloquent, imaginative, learned, philosophical and profound at the same time. Honor to his name.

These toasts at the suggestion of Dr. Nott were drank without wine or other alcoholic liquor. Exhaustion from the fatigues of the day prevented President Nott from responding to the sentiment offered by Mr. Brackett.

The following regular toasts were then drank accompanied by the firing of cannon.

REGULAR TOASTS.

1st. The natal day of our Independence, one of the days we celebrate. It will be memorable for the good of the human family from 1776 to the end of man's history.

2nd. Old Otsego: Cherry Valley:—Her pioneer settlement commenced a hundred years ago by civilized man:—never before so honoured as on this day; though her younger sisters in the mighty west, have eclipsed her in wealth and population, yet the patriotism of her sons never sleeps nor tires.

3rd. Constitutional Union—The ark of safety: the hope of the civilized world. May no paricidial arm be stretched forth to dismember it: if so, let that arm perish.

4th. Washington—The name of names: the hero of heroes: the statesman of statesmen: he could and did conquer self: moreover he conquered for his country: the

whole of the new and most of the old world are vocal with his praises.

5th. Our Army and Navy—The first composed of citizen soldiers: the last of tars ever ready to defend the striped bunting.

6th. The President of the United States.

7th. Our Judiciary—Hitherto among the proudest monuments of the wisdom of our ancestors. May those who occupy its high seats, ever hereafter as heretofore, be intelligent and honest; then will "life, liberty, and the pursuits of happiness," be safe, free, and equal to all.

8th. The Signers of the Declaration of Independence—All gone: but the memorial of their devotion to liberty, to Country, are perennial, and can never fade or die.

9th. New York—Prominent, if not pre-eminent, among ner sister States for wealth, population and enterprise: her march in improvement is still onward.

10th. The Governor and Lieut. Governor of our noble State.

11th. Our Common Schools.—Under proper discipline, the nurseries of integrity, industry and intelligence: when the foundation is surely laid, the superstructure will stand: when the basement is well lighted, those aloft can see: and the spoilers of equal rights will be discomfited.

12th. Colleges—Well endowed; wisely conducted: the brightest jewels in the diadem of national glory.

13th. The surviving Soldiers of the Revolution—Alas! how few, and pressed by the hand of time, together with the glorious band of their departed brethern: the measure of their honor and renown is full: having been instruments, under God, of bringing about the largest liberty, consistent with public order and security, and individual safety and happiness.

The following letters which had been received by the Committee of Arrangements were then read.

From the Hon. William C. Bouck.

Fulton, June 26, 1840.

GENTLEMEN :

I have the honour to acknowlede the receipt of your polite invitation, under the date of 10th instant, to join the Citizens of Cherry Valley, on the 4th day of July next, in a Centennial celebration of the first settlement of that place.

It would give me great pleasure to meet my fellow citizens of Cherry Valley, on the 4th of July, but I regret to say, it will not be convenient for me to do so.

The painful revolutionary incidents connected with Cherry Valley are scarcely equalled in their atrocity.

The inhabitants of my native county (Schoharie) were at the period alluded to, and are now your neighbours ; and like those of Cherry Valley, at the settlement of the Country, and in the war of the Revolution, drank deep the cup of suffering and affliction !

Please to accept the following sentiment.

The Citizens of the town of Cherry Valley ; may they cherish in grateful recollection the privations and sufferings of the first settlers ; may they properly estimate the price paid for liberty, and may they appreciate the value of institutions which secure to the Citizen equal rights and privileges.

Your Obedient Servant,

WM. C. BOUCK.

By Wm. Campbell, Esq.

WILLIAM C. BOUCK—A descendant of the German Pioneers of the Valley of the Schoharie River. His talents

and integrity and purity of character are an honour to his patriotic ancestors.

From the Hon. Levi Beardsley.

Oswego, June 29, 1840.

GENTLEMEN:

Your respective favours have been received inviting me to attend a Centennial anniversary of the settlement of Cherry Valley, on the 4th of July next, and advising me of my appointment as one of the Committee of Arrangements.

To meet my old associates, the Citizens of Cherrey Valley, and to unite with them in the usual exercises of our National Anniversary, would of itself afford a strong inducement; but the present occasion, uniting the National celebration, (dear to all Americans) with that of commemorating the settlement of your beautiful and romantic valley after 100 years have gone since that interesting event, renders an attendance and participation in your festivities far *more desirable*, and enhances its value in a tenfold degree.

To contemplate with you, and with your friends in attendance, the stupendous results that have followed the train of events since the Pioneers first scaled the barriers that surround you, and gave life, and vigour, and civilization, where all was stillness and the solitude of nature, save only as interrupted by the wild man of the forest, must afford a mental gratification that cannot but be appreciated by all, unless dead to the vivifying influences of philosophy, morals, literature, arts, and religion.

I can assure you with the utmost sincerity that your town and your citizens rank high in my estimation. It is the birth-place of my children, and has been my residence for 30 years, and that too during the best portion of my life.

To suppose that I would so long remain among you, and

yet imagine that strong attachments had not been formed, would imply an absence of the sympathies and refined sensibilities of life, and a palpable libel upon human nature.

My business and engagements are such that I cannot be with you: but I beg you to accept my thanks for your kind remembrance of me, and desire you to assure your (and my) friends that my absence must not be imputed to the want of proper appreciation of the interesting ceremonies and festivities contemplated, or a just estimate of your (and their) personal worth, and respectful attention.

You will allow me to propose the following sentiment, while I again assure you of my continued kind respects and regards, and subscribe myself,

Your obdient Servant,

LEVI BEARDSLEY.

Cherry Valley and its Citizens.—"If I forget thee, let my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth."

To W. S. Hammond, Secretary, and William Campbell, Chairman of the Com. of Arrangements.

By Mason Fitch, Esq.

LEVI BEARDSLEY—The kind neighbour, the useful citizen, the clear sighted and able Legislator, and the faithful friend.—While we regret his removal from us, he carries with him our cordial wishes for his prosperity and happiness.

From the Hon. Sherman Page.

Unadilla, June 22, 1840.

GENTLEMEN:

Your polite and kind letter inviting me to a participation with you in the festivities of a *Centennial* celebration resolved on by the Citizens of your Town, to take place on the

4th of July now approaching, reached me through the mail this morning.

I beg you to accept for yourselves and for the independent and patriotic yeomanry of your Town, for whom you act, as a Committee of Arrangements, assurances of my gratitude and respect, and although I am unable from engagements heretofore made, to be with you in person on that day, yet you have my best wishes, and the following sentiment.

Cherry Valley, beloved, and elder sister of the 22 in the family of the good old Otsego, from her frontier and exposed situation during a great portion of the last Century has often put on the habiliments of woe. May her future happiness and prosperity be uninterrupted.

Very Respectfully yours,

SHERMAN PAGE.

By James Hetherington, Esq., Supervisor of the town of Cherry Valley.

SHERMAN PAGE, late Representative in Congress from the County of Otsego; we regret his absence from our festive board.

From Gen. Jacob Morris, of Butternutts.

Butternutts, June 19, 1840.

GENTLEMEN:

I was yesterday favoured with your invitation to pass the ensuing 4th of July in commemoration of the Centennial celebration of the Citizens of Cherry Valley, on the first founding of your beautiful village.

It would afford me great pleasure to be with you on that interesting occasion, but the defect of sight, one of the infirmities of age, which has come upon me, must deprive me

of that honour. Wishing you however a happy day, I remain, Gentlemen, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

JACOB MORRIS.

From Archibald Campbell, Esq.

Albany, June 30, 1840.

MY DEAR SIR:

I have received the letter of the Committee of Arrangements of Cherry Valley of which you are chairman, stating that this summer completes one hundred years since that town was first inhabited by civilized man—that the citizens thereof have resolved on a Centennial celebration of that event on the 4th of July next, and inviting me to participate with them in the festivities of that day.

Permit me through you to tender to the Committee my sincere thanks for their kind invitation, and assure them that it would give me great pleasure to participate with them on so interesting an occasion, but on account of business that cannot be dispensed with, I shall be obliged to remain here.

Although the inhabitants are generally to join in this Centennial celebration, yet I presume from what I have heard you say heretofore, that many of our clan will be present, particularly the descendants of your enterprising progenitor, who was one of the first settlers of that romantic and celebrated region. I would it were in my power to add even one more to the number of *Sliochd Dhiarmid*, who shall be there assembled. But as that cannot be, my sincere wish is that all of whatever name, who may assemble with you to honor the memory of the pioneers, and to celebrate the anniversary of our national Independence with sincere and honest hearts, may have their anticipations fully realized; and, moreover, that prosperity and happiness may be multi-

plied to the residents of Cherry Valley during the coming Century.

Yours, with great respect,

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

William Campbell, Esq.

From Alvan Stuart, Esq.

Utica, June 18, 1840.

DEAR SIR:

Your polite and kind invitation to be present at the coming festivities consequent upon the Centennial Celebration of the settlement of Cherry Valley, on the 4th of July next, as one of the Committee of Arrangements, gave me considerable pain, in reflecting how much pleasure I must forego in not being present on that solemn and interesting epoch in the *life* of your town.

The last quarter of the century you are about to celebrate was nearly passed by me in Cherry Valley. It comprises the noontide of my existence, and that which will influence in some degree, for weal or woe, my coming years; as well as that of my posterity, more or less for years to come. But when I remember that town has been the theatre of so much sorrow; yes, of some of the most tragic scenes of which man can be a victim, in the different stages of society through which one hundred years may bring our race—the sad remembrances of so many of my compeers in life who have lain down under the weight of existence, before reaching its ordinary limit, I could wish to be with you, but rather to weep than rejoice; yet I should rejoice that I could weep for my poor brother man. But I cannot come, as on the 4th, I am to pronounce the Oration at Syracuse.

But I hope it may be a day long to be remembered by all present, as they can never celebrate it again. That pleasure belongs to the generation of 1940, the oldest of whom has not yet raised his head, or made a single bubble on the

ocean of time. Who will they be? I hope many of them may be the descendants of the men and women who are playing their parts there now; but whoever they may be, we are well assured they can never be exposed to the class of dangers and sorrows which have been so eventful in the lives of those of the by-gone century.

With affectionate esteem, I am your friend,

A STEWART.

To Wells S. Hammond, Esq. Secretary, &c. &c.

From the Hon. Peter J. Wagner, member of Congress from the county of Montgomery

City of Washington, June 19, 1840.

MY DEAR SIR :

I return you my grateful acknowledgements for the honour of being invited, in behalf of the Committee, to attend your contemplated *Centennial* celebration at Cherry Valley, on the 4th proximo. Were it compatible with my public relations, it would indeed afford me the highest gratification to unite with you and your patriotic fellow-citizens in commemoration, both of our National jubilee, and of the "perils and fortitude of the Pioneers" of the western frontier of New York, one hundred years since—the period in the annals of our Colonial history when the first "Anglo-Saxon settlement west of Albany," was made in your village; nor, need you be assured, sir, that the presence among you on that day, of the distinguished and highly respected President of Union College, would, in no small degree, impart to me an additional inducement. But as the session will be protracted beyond our ever memorable "*Fourth*," it will be the irksome lot of myself and others, to celebrate that day in the House of Representatives, by being intent upon the "Sub-Treasury," or some other bill, of interest to the nation. I

very sincerely regret, therefore, that I shall be unable to participate in your festivities, and beg that you will, for yourself and the committee, accept this assurance.

I remain, dear sir, your
friend and humble servant,
P. J. WAGNER.

Hon. J. D. HAMMOND.

From the Hon. James Thompson, of Saratoga County.

Milton, (Saratoga co.), June 27, 1840.

GENTLEMEN :

Be pleased to accept my acknowledgements for the honour of your invitation to attend the Centennial celebration of the settlement of your town, and a "commemoration of the sufferings, perils, and fortitude of the pioneers of that then extreme western frontier," on the 4th of July next.

I am deeply sensible of the loss of enjoyment I shall sustain, by a previous disposal of my time forbidding my meeting a few highly valued old acquaintances and other distinguished gentlemen, on an occasion so interesting and impressive.

Let us all hope that the blood of the revolutionary martyrs of Cherry Valley, and throughout the country, may long furnish the "seed" and aliment of that independence and rational liberty which has been so dearly purchased.

I have the honour to be, gentlemen, with high consideration
Your obedient servant,
JAMES THOMPSON.

By Abraham Roseboom, Esq.

Franklin—The philosopher, statesman, and diplomatist, he stood before kings for his country's cause undaunted, he drew the lightning from the clouds harmless, the light of his mind has illuminated both hemispheres.

Mr. H. Roseboom being called upon for a sentiment prefaced it with the following remarks—

Mr. President:

Although this is a day of reminiscenes to the aged gentlemen who surround you, and one of deep interest to the younger portion of this assembly, who have met here to listen to the eloquent record of a hundred years; yet, I trust, I shall be pardoned for seizing upon the occasion to pay a passing tribute to the memory of a merchant of the "olden time," and a friend to the early settlers of Cherry Valley. The merchant to whom I allude was born in the city of Albany in the year 1707, and died in that city at the age of 96 years. He imported his goods from England as early as 1732, and was the owner of a sloop on the Hudson river in 1740, which sailed between the cities of New-York and Albany. Many of the early settlers of Cherry Valley took passage on board his sloop at New-York and arrived in Albany.—Their passage is represented "as one of great length, attended with considerable peril; and their provisions nearly exhausted." The arrival of a sloop at Albany, a hundred years since, was an event of no less importance, I think, than that of a steam-ship of our day. Mr. President, I will detain you but a moment longer in giving the particulars of the arrival and reception of the early settlers. Fancy yourself, sir, a hundred years ago in the city of Albany. That "brisk-looking figure" with the cocked hat, queue, and large square silver shoe-buckles, who is hurrying towards the dock, has just heard that this sloop is coming up the river, his eye now rests upon the well-known hull of the vessel, how rapidly he passes his hands over each other, he is evidently well pleased, anticipating the profits of the voyage. Now he hails the captain. "Welcome, Captain Prime, a good voyage and a large number of passengers,

this will pay well." Captain Prime replies, "that his cousin, (the merchant) is welcome to all the profits, the passengers are for the settlement of Cherry Valley, many of them will require aid, and you are expected to furnish provisions and implements to enable them to make a beginning." The expectations of the settlers were not disappointed, nor was the merchant unrewarded, his store enjoyed nearly the whole trade of this section of country. He also purchased a large tract of land in this town which continues in the same family name till this day. And now, sir, permit me to offer a sentiment for this occasion.

The memory of Hendrick Myndert Roseboom. He was a friend to the early settlers of Cherry Valley, and they rewarded him.

By William Trull, Esq.

General Winfield Scott—The Pride of the American Army, his name will be forgotten only when the history of his country shall be known no more.

By G. H. Rogers, Esq., of Albany.

Citizens of Cherry Valley—who have this day assembled to celebrate two important events in their history; the one, the first Settlement of this beautiful Valley; the other, of American Independence. The one will cause you to reflect back with mingled recollections of pleasure and pain, the other inspires you with feelings of patriotism and attachment for American Institutions.

It is hardly necessary to add, that the company separated with the kindest and best feeling, and highly gratified with the performances of the day.

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.

[*From the New York Observer of July 11th*, 1840.]

HIGHLAND PSALMODY.

Extract of a letter from the Rev. Dr. McLeod of Capsie, Scotland, to an Irish Clergyman.

"It is a singular fact, that although the New Testament was translated into the Irish so far back as the year 1612, and the Old Testament in 1682, a metrical version of the Psalms has never yet been prepared for the people; while on the other hand, the Highlanders of Scotland, speaking the Gaelic, have had a metrical version for 118 years before the New Testament was prepared for them in their own dialect, and 143 before they were in possession of the Gaelic Bible entire. The contrast is here very singular, the friends of the Scotch Gael showed themselves possessed of much wisdom in availing themselves of the advantage arising from the enthusiastic attachment of that romantic people for poetry and tender melody.—Soon after the psalms were prepared for them, teachers of sacred music were sent over all the country to instruct the people in singing the Psalms. The effect was most rapid and extraordinary. The Highlanders became enthusiastic in their love of Gaelic psalmody—The hymns of the Druids, venerated for ages, and the wild legends of fairies and mountain spirits, yielded to the songs of Zion—the holy effusions of the contrite and chastened David supplanted the *coronach* for the dead and wail for the dying. The high enthusiasm of the people was not destroyed, but it received a new and holy direction. Indeed, it forms a new era in the history of our country; when those songs 'which were first sung on Salem's towers' were heard from our glens and aisles; when the plaintive lay of martyrs so justly dear to every Scottish heart, the '*Warbling Measure*' of Sweet Dundee and of noble Elgin became mountain melodies. These were

days of marked revival. I have heard aged men declare that from the fleet of fishing boats along the coast of Cantyre and Arran, amounting at times to several hundreds, might be heard in the breeze of the evening, not the warlike music of the bagpipe, which referring to the feuds of the clans and scenes of strife, often engendered bitter and angry feeling, but one rapturous burst of sacred melody, and of a solemn pause, coming afresh again in full harmonious swell. Mighty was the effect of this in producing social order, honesty, and Christian kindness. I cannot withhold from you one anecdote which I lately heard with much delight. A mournful band of poor emigrants were expatriated their native valley a few years ago in the north of Scotland; forced to leave the glen where their clan of people had resided for many generations, and to seek a home in the dark and distant woods of America. In the melancholy progress towards the sea-shore, they came to the parish church, where they were wont to worship God, and near to which the remains of their fathers were deposited; they entered the sacred enclosure—stood on the tombs of their relatives--'returned and wept, and still returned to weep.' A good old patriarch addressed a few words of comfort to them; he took out the Gaelic Psalm book from his pocket, 'Let us sing,' said he, 'the 46th Psalm,' a prayer was offered up to the God of their fathers, and their souls were refreshed--they proceeded without a murmer or complaint, without an expression of resentment or vengeance against the unfeeling chieftain. There is a magic spell in the true simplicity of sacred melody and sacred poetry which cannot fail to enchant and command the heart."

NOTE B.

The following tribute to the memory of Col. Samuel Campbell, the last of the early settlers of Cherry Valley, is from the pen of the late James O. Morse, Esq.

Another Patriot of the Revolution gone.

Died—In this town on the 12th instant, Colonel SAMUEL CAMPBELL, aged eighty-six years and four months.

The deceased was born in the town of Londonderry, in the state of New-Hampshire, in the year 1738, and came with his father at the age of four years to reside in this town, on the same farm on which he died.

This place was then, not only an entire wilderness, but there were no settlements to the west of it. During the French war, the deceased was

an active and efficient citizen, and was of essential service to the then Government, in assisting in the transportation of supplies to the Western ports. At the commencement of the war of the Revolution, he espoused with great ardour the cause of the Colonies: and as an officer of the militia, rendered his country many important services.

He was at the head of his command, in most of the actions and skirmishes that were fought on this frontier; and particularly distinguished himself at the battle of Oriskany, under General Herkimer.

At the massacre and conflagration of this town, by the enemy under Butler and Brant, in the year 1778, Col. Campbell was among the principal sufferers.

His family, with the exception of himself and his oldest son, were all taken and carried into captivity; his buildings burnt to ashes, and his moveable property nearly all destroyed.

His wife and children,* were for a long time detained as prisoners among the Indians in Canada.

Owing to the particular exertions of his early friend, the late George Clinton, then Governor of the State, an exchange of prisoners was effected, by which Mrs. C. was liberated from captivity, and was exchanged for a Mrs. Butler, the wife of a Colonel in the British service; and the children of Mrs C. having been with some difficulty obtained from the Indians, were permitted to accompany her.

In the year 1783, when Gen. Washington and George Clinton were on their exploring tour through this state, they were careful to call and spend a night with Col. C.; and both took occasion to express to him their warm thanks, for the zeal he had manifested in the cause of his country.

Since the close of the Revolution, Col. Campbell has been a member of our State Legislature, and always rigidly adhered to those principles of republicanism, which he embraced at the commencement of our struggle for independence.

His character through life was irreproachable, and for many years he has been a consistent professor of Christianity.

The night preceding the day on which he died, he retired to rest at his usual hour in perfect health, when he awoke in the morning he complained of ill health, and soon after was seized with a fit, which render-

* The suffering of the captives taken at this place at that time, must have been intense. They were taken in the month of November, and marched on foot down the Susquehannah to its junction with the Tioga river, thence up that river for some distance, then to Geneva, then to Niagara, and afterwards they were taken down to the neighbourhood of Montreal.

ed him wholly insensible, and he continued in this state till he expired.

No man ever posessed a better constitution or enjoyed through so long a life better health. And it is a remarkable fact that he performed considerable personal labour, and with his own hands felled a tree the day preceding that on which he died.

The deceased has left a very numerous circle of descendants, among whom are some of our principal citizens.

Thus has another of our Patriarchs been gathered to his fathers, and another of those Patriots to whose exertions we are indebted for our liberties, been taken from us. Every diminution of this band of worthies ought to render the survivors more dear to us.

NOTE C.

The following biographical sketch of Mrs Jane Campbell is from the pen of her friend Judge Morse, and is taken from the Cherry Valley Gazette of February 23d, 1836.

OBITUARY.

Died—At Cherry Valley, on the morning of the 17th instant, Mrs. Jane Campbell, widow of the late Col. Samuel Campbell, in the ninety-third year of her age.

If those whose lives have been eventful, whose characters have been marked with distinguished traits, and whose examples have been benign, deserve at their departure from life, something more than a brief notice, this aged lady merits an enduring biographical monument.

Mrs. Campbell was a native of Antrim County, Ireland; but her parents emigrated to Newcastle, in the now state of Delaware, when she was quite young. Her residence in Newcastle continued till she attained her twenty-first or twenty-second year, when her parents penetrated the wilderness to Cherry Valley, then the extreme frontier settlement, where she, in about a year, intermarried with the late Col. Samuel Campbell.

At the commencement of the war of the Revolution, her husband and herself were very active and zealous in the cause of the country, and a garrison was erected and kept on their own farm, which continued for some time the only one in the settlement. A Fort was, however, subsequently erected in another spot, and a considerable military force stationed in it.

In the month of November, 1778, the sanguinary British partisan leader, Butler, with the educated Mohawk Chief, Brant, with a force of refugees and Indians, as is well known, made an incursion into Cherry Valley, and Mrs. Campbell, with four of her children, and many others, were taken prisoners.

She was marched on foot in that inclement season of the year, to what is now known as Tioga Point in the State of Pennsylvania; and from thence, by the head of Seneca Lake to the Indian Castle, about two miles from where the village of Geneva now stands. Here she spent the winter in an Indian village and was treated with comparative kindness by her captors. She suffered severely, however, for the want of clothing; and towards spring the British Officers in the Garrison of Fort Niagara, hearing that there was a lady who was a prisoner at the Castle, near the outlet of Seneca Lake, sent a messenger on horseback with female clothing and provisions for her relief. In the Spring she was taken to Fort Niagara and ransomed from the Indians. She was subsequently taken to Montreal, or near there, where she remained till her captivity had been prolonged two years.

The then Governor of this State, the venerated George Clinton, knowing of her captivity, made, in conjunction with Gen. Schuyler, special efforts for the liberation of Mrs. Campbell and her children. They prevailed on the British authorities to exchange them for a Mrs. Butler and her children, who had fallen into the hands of the Americans.

Mrs. C. was brought with her children (after the latter had been recovered from the Indians) to Lake Champlain, and sent in a cartel to near the south end of the lake, where she was received by the American authorities and sent to Albany.

In her return from Montreal she was accompanied by several young ladies from Albany, who were at school at Montreal at the commencement of the war, and who had not been able sooner to find a safe opportunity to return. During the voyage of the cartel-boat on the Lake, its character was mistaken, and they were fired at, which caused its conductors to land the ladies and send them on horse-back several miles into the interior of what is now the state of Vermont. The alarm was afterwards discovered to be a false one by those who fired at the boat, and the cartel with the female prisoners allowed to proceed.

On the arrival of Mrs. C. at Albany, she was treated with great kindness, and she shared largely in the sympathies of many of the principal families there. She always spoke particularly of the kindness of the family of a Mr. Stevenson.

She returned to Cherry Valley, soon after the close of the war, and had the satisfaction to entertain as guests under her own roof, Washington, Geo. Clinton, Col. Humphreys, and other distinguished men.

Mrs. C. was the mother of six children all of whom are yet alive. She has also had thirty-five grandchildren, all of whom except one survive her; and her life has been spared to see among her descendants some of the most respectable citizens of our State.

Having thus briefly sketched a few of the incidents in the life of this excellent woman, it remains to delineate some of the most prominent traits in her character.

She possessed a fortitude and decision, rarely to be met with in either sex; but those were not owing to a want of feminine gentleness, or any of the feelings and emotions peculiar to females.

History informs us that there has been in all ages female patriots: and our departed friend may justly be added to the number.—She loved her country, its form of government, its institutions, and the character of its most distinguished sons. She always repelled all aspersions cast upon any of these with an ardour, a clearness, and a force that would have done honour to a patriot of the other sex.

She also possessed a clearness of perception and a facility of giving utterance to it, that impressed her auditors most favourably.

She always exhibited a native dignity that extorted commendation from all who visited and conversed with her. In this, however, there was not the slightest degree of superciliousness; but that peculiarity of mien and bearing which so prominently distinguished the gentlemen and ladies of the old School.

Her duties as a wife, mother, and grandmother, were discharged in a manner worthy of the imitation of those who sustain those relations.

She was a firm believer in Christianity; and long a professor of it. She so eminently exhibited its virtues that all were convinced of the sincerity of her profession. She was in her last brief sickness deprived of the power of conversation, but there is good reason to believe that her faith enabled her to grapple with, and fully triumph over, the last great enemy.

She had long worn her christian armour, and we trust she *now* wears it, burnished anew in realms of light.

The powers of her memory, as all her intellectual powers, were uncommonly vigorous; and her reminiscenes of the history of our country, and of her personal acquaintance with many of the revolutionary worthies, continued fresh and vivid till near the close of her life.

She was a living chronicler of the scenes of by-gone days, and last female representative, in the region in which she lived, of that patriotic band who achieved our independence.

NOTE D.

"*From the American Almanac*, 1830."

COLONIAL SATISTICS.—Population of the American Colonies, in

	1701.	1749.
Massachusetts,	70,000,	220,000.
Connecticut,	30,000,	100,000.
Rhode Island,	10,000,	35,000.
New Hampshire,	10,000,	30,000.
New York,	30,000,	100,000.
East and West Jersey,	15,000,	60,000.
Pennsylvania and Delaware,	20,000,	250,000.
Maryland	25,000,	85,000.
Virginia,	40,000,	85,000.
North Carolina,	5,000,	45,000.
South Carolina,	7,000,	30,000.
Georgia,		6,000.

(b. ?ipt.) Robert Campbell* [son of James Campbell and Sarah Thompson]

b. at Londonderry, N.H. 1735

m. Margaret —— who was b. 10 Jan. 1741 and d. 16 Aug. 1816. She m. 2d. James Hutchins of Cheony Valley.

d. Killed at the battle of Bennington 16 Aug. 1777.

(*) Brother of Capt. Samuel Campbell

Dr. Moses Lewis, M.D.
and wife Hannah (nee Dana),
were residents of
Cherry Valley until 1830.

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JAN 78
N. MANCHESTER,
INDIANA